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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than in the beginning, exceptions, it is a large weekly of forty-eight columns, with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellanies. Bearing so many household names and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Appreciative Letter.

Senator Wetmore Expresses His Thanks to the People of Newport for the Support Given Him.

Newport, Rhode Island,

November 6, 1907.

To the Editor of the MERCURY.

Sir—I desire through your columns to take the earliest opportunity to thank my fellow-townsmen, irrespective of party, for the remarkable endorsement given last year, and again yesterday, to the Newport Assembly ticket favoring my re-election to the United States Senate; and for the emphatic and favorable vote for the Republican General State ticket.

I wish also to thank the MERCURY for upholding me personally and my candidacy during the same period.

Yours truly,

George Peabody Wetmore.

The representative council will meet on Monday evening next, adjourned having been taken to that date on the occasion of its last meeting. There will undoubtedly be a great deal of business to come before that meeting. There are appropriations to be fattened up, reports to hear, taxation matters to be dealt with and much other business. Salaries of certain officers must be fixed for next year. Then there are bonds issued to be considered. It is proposed to give the people an opportunity to vote on the question of issuing bonds for a new pavilion on Thames street, and perhaps school house bonds also will be considered. The meeting is likely to be a long one.

Hon. Melville Bull has been entertaining Councilman William R. Hunter, at "Dudley Place," for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter will shortly go to Miami, Florida, for a visit.

Mr. Harwood E. Read, Jr., came from Washington to vote the past week and while here was guest of his father, Mr. Harwood E. Read.

Mr. George A. Wilcox, employed in the Senate folding room at Washington, was in the city the past week.

Mr. Eugene Brown of New York was guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., have closed their Newport season and gone to New York.

Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton King, at Joliet, Ill.

Young Republican Dinner.

The fourth annual dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club took place on Monday evening, the eve of the election, and was a success in every particular. The crowd was almost more than could be handled well but finally they were all accommodated, 412 persons being served. The dinner was laid in the large hall of the Realty Building, five large tables extending down the room and two tables across the head. Flags and flowers were used for decorative purposes.

Seated at the head table were President Burlingame of the club, Senator George Peabody Wetmore, ex-Governor George H. Utter, Senator Walter R. Stines of Warwick, Percy A. Gardner of Providence, Edward S. Rawson, General Charles A. Wilson, Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., Col. J. H. Willard, Col. C. L. F. Robinson, Senator John P. Sanborn, Representatives Horace N. Haskard, Robert S. Franklin and Clark Burdick, Col. John H. Wetherell and Col. Harold A. Peckham.

Landlord, Wiswell of the Perry House, served an excellent dinner, during which music was rendered by the McCloskey orchestra. After the menu had been disposed of President Burlingame welcomed the guests and introduced the speakers. When Senator Wetmore arose he was greeted with tumultuous cheers and after he finished his remarks the assembly joined in singing an original verse entitled "Neath the Wing of the Eagle." All the speakers were peculiarly happy in their remarks and were warmly applauded. The speakers included Senator Stines, Governor Utter, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Gardner. The Enterprise Quartette rendered a number of selections.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening. The bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	\$1,683.57
Books, Stationery and Printing	688.00
City Asylum	1,940.89
Fire Department	3,007.29
Lighting Streets	19.48
Tourist Street Fund	6.00
Other Street Preserving Records	13.20
Orphan Estate	50.33
Burial Grounds	25.20
A. Touro Synagogue Fund	101.04
Agassiz Fund	185.00
Police Department	300.57
Public Buildings	403.13
Public Parks	25.72
Public Schools	809.00
Streets and Highways	10,451.04
World meetings	2,204.32
Total	221,512.83

There was a long hearing on the matter of declaring Prairie Avenue a public highway. Mr. C. H. Koehne representing Mrs. Zabriskie who objected. Abutters and others were called to testify that the road had been used as a highway for many years and when it came to a vote the board declared the road a public highway.

The board of aldermen met on Thursday evening and approved the departmental pay rolls for the week. There was also a consideration of the estimates from the various departments of the amounts that will be needed to carry them through the rest of the year. Some of them have money enough on hand to last, but several will need substantial increases. These amounts will be reported to the representative council at its meeting on Monday evening and action will be taken by that body.

The City Election.

The city election under the new charter will take place on Tuesday, December 8. There are to be elected at that time a mayor, four members of the school committee, five members of the board of aldermen, and thirteen members of the representative council from each ward. Thursday, November 21, is the last day on which nominations can be filed at the City Clerk's office. Thus far there has not been the interest displayed in the city election that there was a year ago and there has been little demand for nomination blanks at the City Hall. Under the charter party nominations are done away with and each candidate or his friends must secure sufficient signatures to his papers to comply with the law. The next week should see considerable hustling to get the necessary nominations in.

The residents of the town of Portsmouth are very much excited over a mad dog that has visited the town recently. A number of valuable cattle and other animals were bitten and many of them have since died. The dog was one that came from out of town and was killed, but not before it had done much damage. The town council has passed an ordinance regulating the keeping of dogs.

The Newport Artillery will attend divine service at Emmanuel Church on Sunday evening, November 17, when Chaplain E. H. Porter will preach the annual sermon to the command.

A Sweeping Victory.

Newport Scores an Emphatic Endorsement of Senator Wetmore and Casts a Straight Republican Vote—General Assembly Candidates Receive Large Plurallities.

Newport wants Hon. George Penbody Wetmore to be the next Senator from Rhode Island and she doesn't care who knows it. A stronger endorsement of his candidacy than that evidenced by the election in Newport on Tuesday would be difficult to imagine. In spite of every effort made to defeat him, in spite of most unwaranted slanders hurled against him, in spite of the personal strength of the Democratic General Assembly ticket nominated against him, the Republican nominees for General Assembly, who faithfully stood by Newport's favorite son last year and are pledged to do so again at the coming session, were elected by majorities in nearly every case larger even than the tremendously large ones given them a year ago. And the people of Newport further expressed their opinion of the Democratic attacks on Senator Wetmore by giving to the Republican candidate for Governor a plurality more than double that given for the Republican candidate last year. There were several reasons for this increase in the Republican vote for Governor. The people of Newport recognized in Lieutenant Governor Jackson a strong and able man, and they also remembered that during the Senatorial contest last year he stood uncompromisingly for Mr. Wetmore. Furthermore the Democratic candidates injured themselves by making an unseemly attack upon Senator Wetmore at a rally held in his home city, resulting in alienating from that party many nominally Democratic citizens.

There were not a great many candidates to vote for at Tuesday's election, merely the Governor and State officers, and members of the General Assembly from Newport. Consequently it did not take long to register a vote and business men were not taken long from their duties. There was not much excitement around the polls, although much work was done to get out the vote. The total vote was somewhat smaller than a year ago, but this is accounted for to some extent by the fact that many men were away from the city and were unable to come home to vote. The weather was excellent for election day and many elderly men and invalids came out who would have been unable to do so under less favorable conditions.

Soon after the polls closed the results of the election were known. It took but a short time to count the ballots and announce it, but the people stayed around on the street until a late hour waiting for definite news from up the State. There was nothing positive received however and it was not until Wednesday morning that the people of Newport knew who had been elected Governor. The results in this city were as follows:

GOVERNOR.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Jackson, R.	410	788	450	307	187	2,102
Higgin, D.	281	290	314	357	629	1,769
Reutling, P.	2	6	2	2	2	16
Leach, S. L.	0	0	2	2	2	6
Johnston, S.	3	7	2	1	4	25
						2,015

Plurality for Jackson, 821.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Watrous, R.	422	729	450	311	188	2,102
Sisson, D.	202	231	214	321	500	1,048
Case, P.	1	7	2	2	2	10
Thibault, S. L.	0	1	2	5	2	10
Allen, S.	5	7	2	2	4	20
						821

Plurality for Watrous, 371.

SECRETARY OF STATE.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Bennett, R.	410	756	451	320	100	2,102
Grieve, D.	266	233	214	333	233	1,521
Jecks, P.	2	8	2	2	2	10
Northrop, S. L.	0	2	1	2	2	5
Fletcher, S.	8	7	5	4	2	21
						821

Plurality for Bennett, 631.

GENERAL TREASURER.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Read, R.	435	768	450	317	183	2,181
Archambault, D.	231	234	216	321	500	1,521
King, P.	8	8	2	8	3	21
Bowers, S. L.	3	3	3	3	0	12
Thomas, S.	5	7	3	4	1	23
						821

Plurality for Read, 607.

SENATOR.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Sanborn, R.	423	767	453	324	200	2,128
Qatton, D.	253	267	210	322	822	1,620
						3,748

Plurality for Sanborn, 657.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Hazard, D.	429	761	452	320	210	2,122
Hazard, D.	260	229	210	310	497	1,620
						3,741

Plurality for Hazard, 632.

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE.	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Burlingame, R.	429	765	450	325	211	2,128
Murphy, D.	269	227	209	310	497	1,620
						3,747

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It was nearly noon of the next day when Helen awoke to find that McNamara had ridden in from the creek and stopped for breakfast with the judge. He had asked for her, but on hearing the tale of the night's adventure would not allow her to be disturbed. Later he and the judge had gone away together.

Although her judgment approved the step she had contemplated the night before, still the girl now felt a strange reluctance to meet McNamara. It is true that she knew no ill of him except that implied in the accusations of certain embittered men, and she was aware that every strong and aggressive character makes enemies in direct proportion to the qualities which lend him greatness. Nevertheless she was aware of an inner conflict that she had not foreseen. This man who so confidently believed that she would marry him did not dominate her consciousness.

She had ridden much of late, taking long solitary gallops beside the shimmering sea that she loved so well or up the winding valleys into the foot-hills where echoed the roar of swift waters or glinted the flash of shovel blades. This morning her horse was lame, so she determined to walk. In her early rambles she had looked timidly about at the rough men she met till she discovered their genuine respect and courtesy. The most unkempt among them were often college-bred, although for that matter the roughest of the miners showed abundant consideration for a woman. So she was glad to allow the men to talk to her with the fine freedom inspired by the new country and its wide spaces. The wilderness breeds a chivalry all its own.

Thus there seemed to be no danger abroad, though they had told the girl of mad dogs which roamed the city, explaining that the hot weather affects powerfully the thick coated, sluggish "malamoots." This is the land of the dog, and, whereas in winter his lot is to labor and sliver and starve, in summer he loaf, fights, grows fat and runs mad with the heat.

Helen walked far and, returning, chose an unfamiliar course through the outskirts of the town to avoid meeting any of the women she knew because of that vivid memory of the night before. As she walked swiftly along she thought that she heard faint cries for behind her. Looking up, she noted that it was a lonely, barren quarter and that the only figure in sight was a woman some distance away. A few paces further on the shouts recurred, more plainly this time, and a gun shot sounded. Glancing back, she saw several men running, one bearing a smoking revolver, and heard nearer still the snarling barking of fighting dogs. In a flash the girl's curiosity became horror, for as she watched one of the dogs made a sudden dash through the now subdued group of animals and ran swiftly along the plankwalk on which she stood. It was a handsome specimen of the Eskimo malamoot—tall, gray and coat-like like a wolf, with the speed, strength and cunning of its cousin. Its head hung low and swung from side to side as it trotted, the motion becking forth and sliver. The creature had scattered the pack and now, swift, menacing, relentless, was coming toward Helen. There was no shelter near, no fence, no house, save the distant one toward which the other woman was making her way. The men, too far away to protect her, shouted hoarse warnings.

Helen did not scream or hesitate—the turn and run, terror stricken, toward the distant cottage. She was filled with fright and felt an utter certainty that the dog would attack her before she could reach safety. Yes; there was the quick patter of his paws close up behind her. Her knees weakened. The sheltering door was yet some yards away. But a horse tethered near the wall reared and snorted as the flying pair drew near. The mad creature swerved, leaped at the horse's legs and snapped in fury. Badly frightened at this attack, the horse lunged at his batter, broke it and galloped away, but the delay had served for Helen, weak and fatigued, to reach the door. She wrenched at the knob. It was locked. As she turned helplessly away she saw that the other woman was directly behind her and was, in her turn, snarling the mad animal's onslaught, but calmly, a tiny revolver in her hand.

"Shoot!" screamed Helen. "Why don't you shoot?" The little gun spoke, the dog sprang forward, snarling and yelping. The woman fired several times more before it lay still and then remarked calmly as she "broke" the weapon and ejected the shells: "The caliber is too small to be good for much."

Helen sank down upon the steps. "How well you shoot!" she gasped. Her eyes were on the gray bundle whose death agonies had thrust it almost to her feet. The men had run up and were talking excitedly, but after a word with them the woman turned to Helen.

"You must come in for a moment and recover yourself," she said and led her inside.

It was a cozy room in which the girl found herself—more than that, luxurious. There was a piano with scattered music and many of the pretty, feminine things that Helen had not seen since leaving home. The hostess had stepped behind some curtains for an instant and was talking to her from the next room.

"That is the third mad dog I have seen this month. Hydrophobia is becoming a habit in this neighborhood." She returned, bearing a tiny silver tray with docear and glasses.

"You're all unstrung, but this brandy will help you—if you don't object to a swallow of it. Then come right in

here and lie down for a moment and you'll be all right." She spoke with such genuine kindness and sympathy that Helen flushed a grateful glance at her. She was tall, slender, and with a peculiar undulating suggestion in her movements, as though she had been bred to the clinging folds of silk garments. Helen watched the charm of her smile, the friendly solicitude of her expression, and felt her heart warm toward this one kind woman in Some.

"You're very good," she answered; "but I'm all right now. I was badly frightened. It was wonderful, your saving me!" She followed the other's graceful motion as she placed her burden on the table, and in doing so gazed squarely at a photograph of Roy Glenister.

"Oh!" Helen exclaimed, and then paused as it flushed over her who this girl was. She looked at her quickly. "I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

"He felt his throat glingerly at the thought, but his eyes brightened when she answered lightly:

"I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

For some time she led him on adroitly, talking of many things in a way to make him wonder at her new and pleasant humor. He had never dreamed she could be like this—so tantalizingly close to familiarity and yet so maddeningly aloof and distant. He grew bolder in his speech.

"How are things going with us?" she questioned as his warmth grew pronounced. "Uncle won't talk, and Mr. McNamara is as close mouthed as can be lately."

He looked at her quickly. "In what respect?"

She summoned up her courage and walked past the ragged edge of uncertainty.

"Now, don't you try to keep me in short dresses too. It's getting wearisome. I've done my part, and I want to know what the rest of you are doing." She was prepared for any answer.

"What do you want to know?" he asked caudiously.

"Everything. Don't you think I can bear what people are saying?"

"Oh, that's it! Well, don't you pay any attention to what people say."

She recognized her mistake and continued hurriedly:

"Why shouldn't I? Aren't we all in this together? I object to being used and then discarded. I think I'm entitled to know how the scheme is working. Don't you think I can keep my mouth shut?"

"Of course," he laughed, trying to change the subject of their talk. But she arose and leaned against the desk near him, vowing that she would not leave the office without piercing some part of this mystery. His manner strengthened her suspicion that there was something behind it all. This dissipated, brilliant creature knew the situation thoroughly, and yet, though swayed by her efforts, he remained chafed by caution. She leaned forward and smiled at him.

"You're just like the others, aren't you? You won't give me any satisfaction at all."

"Give, give, give," said Struve cynically. "That's always the woman's cry. Give me this—give me that. Selfish sex! Why don't you offer something in return? Men are traders; women usurers. You are curious; hence miserable. I can help you; therefore, I should do it for a smile. You ask me to break my promises and risk my honor on your caprice. Well, that's womanlike, and I'll do it. I'll put myself in your power, but I won't do it gratis. No; we'll trade."

"It isn't curiosity," she denied indignantly; "it is my duty."

"No; you've heard the common talk, and grown suspicious, that's all. You think I know something that will throw a new light or a new shadow on everything you have in the world, and you're worked up to such a condition that you can't take your own people's word; and, on the other hand, you can't go to strangers, so you come to me. Suppose I tell you I had the papers you brought to me last spring in that safe, and that they told the whole story—whether your uncle is unimpeachable or whether he deserved hanging by that mob—what would you do, eh? What would you give to see them? Well, they're there and ready to speak for themselves. If you're a woman you won't rest till you've seen them. Will you trade?"

"Yes, yes! Give them to me," she cried eagerly, at which a wave of crimson rushed up to his eyes and he rose abruptly from his chair. He made toward her, but she retreated to the wall, pale and wide eyed.

"Can't you see," she flung at him, "that I must know?"

He paused. "Of course I can, but I want a kiss to bind the bargain—to apply on account." He reached for her hand with his own hot one, but she pushed him away and slipped past him toward the door.

"Suit yourself," said he, "but if I'm not mistaken you'll never rest till you've seen those papers. I've studied you, and I'll place a bet that you can't murmur McNamara or look your uncle in the eye till you know the truth. You might do either if you knew them to be crooks, but you couldn't if you only suspected it—that's the woman. When you get ready, come back. I'll show you proof, because I don't claim to be anything but what I am—Wilton Struve, bargainer of some mean ability. When they come to inscribe my headstone I hope they can carve thereon with truth, 'He got value received.'

"You're a panther," she said loathingly.

"Graceful and elegant brute, that," he laughed. "Affectionate and full of play, but with sharp teeth and sharper claws. To follow out the idea, which pleases me, I believe the creature owes no loyalty to its fellows, and hints alone. Now, when you've followed this conspiracy out and placed the blame where it belongs, won't you come and tell me about it? That door leads into an outer hall which opens into the street. No one will see you come or go."

As she hurried along she wondered dally why she had stayed to listen so long. What a monster he was! His meaning was plain, had always been from the first day he laid eyes on her, and he was utterly consciousness. She had known all this; and yet, in her proud, youthful confidence, and in her need, every hour more desperate and urgent, to know the truth, she had dared risk herself with him. Wilton, the man was shrewd and observant and had divined her mental condition with remarkable sagacity. She had failed with him; but the kid now knew that she could never rest till she found an answer to her questions. She must kill this suspicion that ate into her so. She thought tenderly of her uncle's

friendship had dropped off.

"Yes, I get tired of talking to uncle and Mr. McNamara. They treat me as though I were a little girl."

"When do you take the fatal step?"

"What step do you mean?"

"Your marriage. When does it occur? You needn't hesitate," he added.

"McNamara told me about it a month ago."

He felt his throat glingerly at the thought, but his eyes brightened when she answered lightly:

"I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

Feeling almost intolerably friendless and alone, weakened both by her recent flight and by her encounter with Struve, Helen considered as calmly as her emotions would allow and decided that this was no day in which pride should figure. There were facts which it was imperative she should know, and immediately; therefore, a few minutes later, she knocked at the door of Cherry Malotte.

When the girl appeared, Helen was astonished to see that she had been crying. Tears burn hottest and leave palest trace in eyes where they come most seldom. The younger girl could not guess the tumult of emotion the other had undergone during her absence, the utter depths of self abasement she had attained, for the sight of Helen and her fresh young beauty had aroused in the adventuresome a very tempest of bitterness and jealousy. Whether Helen Chester were guilty or innocent, how could Glenister hesitate between them? Cherry had asked herself. Now she stared at her visitor hospitably and without sign.

"Will you let me come in?" Helen asked her. "I have something to say to you."

When they were inside, Cherry Malotte stood and gazed at her visitor with imperious eyes and stony face.

"It isn't easy for me to come back," Helen began, "but I feel that I had to. If you can help me, I hope you will. You said that you knew a great wrong was being done. I have suspected it, but I didn't know, and I've been afraid to doubt my own people. You said I had a part in it—that I'd betrayed my friends. Wait a moment," she hurried on, at the other's cynical smile. "Would you tell me what you know and what you think my part has been? I've heard and seen things that make me think—oh, they make me afraid to think, and yet I can't find the truth. You see, in a struggle like this, people will make all sorts of allegations, but do they know, have they any proof, that my uncle has done wrong?"

"Is that all?"

"No. You said Struve told you the whole scheme. I went to him and tried to enjoin the story out of him, but—" She shivered at the memory.

"What success did you have?" inquired the listener, oddly curious for all her cold dislike.

"Don't ask me. I hate to think of it."

Cherry laughed cruelly. "So, falling there, you came back to me, back for another favor from the wulf. Well, Miss Helen Chester, I don't believe a word you've said, and I'll tell you nothing. Go back to the uncle and the rambunctious lover who sent you, and inform them that I'll speak when the time comes. They think I know too much, do they?—so they've sent you to spy? Well, I'll make a compact. You play your game, and I'll play mine. Leave Glenister alone, and I'll not tell on McNamara. Is it a bargain?"

"No, no, no! Can't you see? That's not it. All I want is the truth of this thing."

"Then go back to Struve and get it. He'll tell you; I won't. Drive your bargain with him—you're able. You've found better men—now, see what you can do with him."

Helen left, realizing the futility of further effort, though she felt that this woman did not really doubt her, but was scorched by jealousy till she deliberately chose this attitude.

Reaching her own house, she wrote two brief notes and called in her Jap boy from the kitchen.

"Fred, I want you to hunt up Mr. Glenister and give him this note. If you can't find him, then look for his partner and give the other to him."

Fred vanished, to return in an hour with the letter for Dextry still in his hand.

"I don't catch dis feller," he explained. "Young mams say be gone, come back mebbe one, two, 'leven days."

"Did you deliver the one to Mr. Glenister?"

"Les, mu'm."

"Was there an answer?"

"Les, mu'm."

"Well, give it to me."

The note read:

Don't Miss Chester—A discussion of a matter so familiar to us both as the Anvil creek controversy would be useless. If your inclination is due to the incidents of last night, pray don't trouble yourself. We don't want your pity. I am your servant.

ROY GLENISTER.

As she read the note, Judge Stillman entered, and it seemed to the girl that he had aged a year for every hour in the last twelve, or else the yellow afternoon light dimmed the sagging hollows and haggard lines of his face most pitifully. He showed in voice and manner the nervous burden under which he labored.

"Alec has told me about your engagement, and it lifts a terrible load from me. I'm mighty glad you're going to marry him. He's a wonderful man, and he's the only one who can save us."

"What do you mean by that? What are we in danger of?" she inquired, avoiding discussion of McNamara's announcement.

"Why, that mob, of course. They'll come back. They said so. But Alec can handle the commanding officer at the post, and, thanks to him, we'll have soldiers guarding the house hereafter."

"Why—they won't hurt us!"

"But, tut! I know what I'm talking about. We're in worse danger now than ever, and if we don't break up those vigilantes there'll be bloodshed—that's what. They're a menace, and they're trying to force me off the bench so they can take the law into their own hands again. That's what I want to see you about. They're planning to kill Alec and me—so he says—and we've got to act quick to prevent murder. Now, this young Glenister is one of them, and he knows who the rest are. Do you think you could get him to talk?"

"I don't think I quite understand."

goodness to her, clung with despairing faith to the last of her kin. The blood ties of the Chesters were close and she felt in dire need of that lost brother who was somewhere in this mysterious land—need of some one in whom ran the strain that bound her to the weak old man up yonder. There was McNamara; but how could he help her, how much did she know of him, this man who was now within the darkest shadow of her new suspicion?

"Nonsense," he said irritably. "This isn't any time for silly scruples. It's life or death for me, maybe, and for Alec too." He said the last craftily, but she stared at him.

"It's infamous! You're asking me to betray the very man who saved us not twelve hours ago. He risked his life for us!"

"It isn't treachery at all. It's protection. If we don't get them, they'll get us. I wouldn't punish that young fellow, but I want the others. Come now, you've got to do it."

But she said "No" firmly, and quietly went to her own room, where, behind the locked door, she sat for a long time staring with unseeing eyes, her hands tightly clasped in her lap. At last she whispered:

"I'm afraid it's true. I'm afraid it's true."

She remained hidden during the dinner hour, and pleased a ~~stranger~~ when McNamara called in the early evening. Although she had not seen him since he left her the night before, bearing her tacit promise to wed him, yet how could she meet him now with the conviction growing on her hourly that he was a master rogue? She wrestled with the thought that he and her uncle, her own uncle who stood in the place of a father, were conspirators. And yet, at memory of the Judge's cold-blooded request that she should turn traitress, her whole being revolted. If he could ask a thing like that, what other heartless, selfish act might he not be capable of? At the long, solitary evening she kept her room, but at last, feeling faint, slipped down stairs in search of Fred, for she had eaten nothing since her late breakfast.

Vesey reached her from the parlor, and as she came to the last step she from there in an attitude of listening.

"Will you let me come in?" Helen asked her. "I have something to say to you."

When they were inside, Cherry Malotte stood and gazed at her visitor with imperious eyes and stony face.

"It isn't easy for me to come back," Helen began, "but I feel that I had to. If you can

AMPUTATION RECOMMENDED

But a Better, Safer Method Found.

For twenty years I was an awful sufferer from varicose veins and ulcers on my leg. For twelve winters I sat in a chair, my leg pained me so I could not be down.

The doctors began to say I would never use it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

Once I read of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I bought a bottle and commenced taking it.

And I surely believe if I had not taken Favorite Remedy I would not be alive today. My leg healed up entirely and I am now well and strong.

JOSEPH H. MULCOX,

877 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A prominent physician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in explaining the demand for this King of kidney, liver, bladder and blood medicines, said: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts as a nerve and blood food. It has made many permanent cures of nervous debility, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and of the sicknesses peculiar to women, where other treatments have failed. For constipation, constipation and that run down condition, there is nothing else so good as this great kidney and liver medicine."

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Ronkonkoma, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Lily radical cure

Causes Hay Fever and Cold in Head, soc.

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For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, 10 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will bring about Feb 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Oct. 6, 1907, trains will leave

New York, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:56, 8:16, 9:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:00, 8:05, 9:00, 9:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:50 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:55, 4:55, 6:50, 8:50 p. m.

MIDDLETON and PORTSMOUTH, 6:50, 8:00, 11:01 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:55, 4:55, 6:50, 8:50 p. m.

CHAS. L. LONGSBURG (One stop), 6:50, 8:00, 11:01 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:55, 4:55, 6:50, 8:50 p. m.

TAUNTON and NEWTON, 6:50, 8:00, 11:01 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:55, 4:55, 6:50, 8:50 p. m.

FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6:50, 8:20, 9:00, 11:01 a. m., 1:00, 8:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m. HYANNIS, 11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m. PROVINCETON, 8:05, 9:00 p. m.

PLYMOUTH, 11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m. NEWTON, 6:50, 8:10, 9:00, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 8:05 p. m.

FIREHILL and MIRRIBORO and SO. Framingham, 8:10, 11:01 a. m., 8:05, 10:05 p. m.

LOWELL, 11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m. OAK BLUFFS, 8:10 a. m., 11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m.

PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 6:50, 8:10, 9:00, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 8:05 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:00, 8:00 p. m. Return 6:25, 7:15 a. m., 12:50, 1:25, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:00, 8:00 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:00, 8:00 p. m.

For Middletown, Fall River, Somers, Dighton, North Dighton, Westville and Taunton, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:00, 8:00 p. m. New Bedford, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:00 p. m.

A boat from Fall River.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

W. G. BURKE, Gen'l Sales Agt.

Pls. ch.—Don't get foolish just because you've had a little money left to you. You'd better be economical now, Gayley.—Ahl it's too hard. Puch.—But if you don't live economically now you'll have to later. Gayley.—Well, it isn't so hard to be economical when you have to.

Dolly—Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream.

Polly—Well, that is all it is, so far. Her husband won't give her the money for it.—Exchange.

CASTORIA.

It's Kid You Have Always Bought.

Signature of *Charl. H. Fletcher*

THE SPOILERS

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

and McNamee plotting to drag the town with a force of deputies, seizing not only her two friends, but every man suspected of being a vigilante. The victims were to be jailed without bond, without reason, without justice, while the mechanism of the court was to be jiggled in order to hold them until fall, if necessary. They had said that the officers were already busy, so haste was a crying thing. She sped down the dark streets toward the house of Cherry Malotte, but found no light bond, without reason, without justice, while the mechanism of the court was to be jiggled in order to hold them until fall, if necessary. They had said that the officers were already busy, so haste was a crying thing. She sped down the dark streets toward the house of Cherry Malotte, but found no light

leaped to his feet and jerked the curtains to.

"Helen! What are you doing here?" "You must go away quickly," she gasped. "They're trying to arrest you." "They! Who? Arrest me for what?" "Voorbees and his men—for riot or something about last night?"

"Nonsense," he said. "I had no part in it. You know that?" "Yes, yes—but you're a vigilante, just like them after you and all your friends. Your house is guarded and the town is alive with deputies. They've planned to jail you on some pretext or other and hold you indefinitely. Please go before it's too late."

"How do you know this?" he asked gravely. "I overheard them plotting."

"Who?" "Uncle Arthur and Mr. McNamee." She faced him squarely as she said it and therefore saw the light flame up in his eyes as he cried:

"And you came here to save me—came here at the risk of your good name?"

"Of course. I would have done the same for Dextry." The gladness died away, leaving him listless.

"Well, let them come. I'm done. I guess. I hated from Wheaton tonight. He's down and out, too—some trouble with the Frisco courts about jurisdiction over these cases. I don't know that it's worth while to fight any longer."

"Listen," she said. "You must go. I am sure there is a terrible wrong being done, and you and I must stop it. I have seen the truth at last, and you are in the right. Please hide for a time at least."

"Very well. If you have taken sides with us there's some hope left. Thank you for the risk you ran in warning me."

She had moved to the front of the compartment and was peering forth between the draperies when she stifled a cry.

"Too late! Too late! There they are. Don't part the curtains. They'll see you."

Pushing through the gambling hall were Voorbees and four others, seemingly in quest of some one.

"Run down the back stairs," she breathed and pushed him through the door. He caught and held her hand with a last word of gratitude. Then he was gone. She drew down her veil and was about to follow when the door opened and he reappeared.

"No use," he remarked quietly.

"There are three more waiting at the foot." He looked out to find that the officers had searched the crowd and were turning toward the front stairs, thus cutting off his retreat. There were but two ways down from the gallery and no outside windows from which to leap. As they had made no armed display, the presence of the officers had not interrupted the dance.

Glenster drew his revolver, while into his eyes came the dazzling glitter that Helen had seen before, cold as the glint of winter sunlight.

"No, not that, for God's sake!" she shuddered, clasping his arm.

"I must for your sake or they'll find you here, and that's worse than ruin. I'll fight it out in the corridors so that you can escape in the confusion. Wait till the firing stops and the crowd gathers." His hand was on the knob when she tore it loose, whispering hurriedly:

"They'll kill you, Watt! There's a better way. Jump." She dragged him to the front of the box and pulled aside the curtains. "It isn't high, and they won't see you till it's too late. Then you can run through the crowd."

He grasped her idea, and, slipping his weapon back into its holster, laid hold of the ledge before him and lowered himself down over the dancers. He swung out毫不hesitatingly, and almost before he had been observed had dropped into their midst. The gallery was but twice the height of a man's head from the floor, so he landed on his feet and had drawn his revolver even while the men at the stairs were shouting at him to halt.

At sight of the naked weapons there was confusion, wherein the commands

"Do you know Mr. Glenster?" she asked.

"Sure. I seen him tonight: Come here." He led her toward the footlights and, pulling back the edge of the curtain, allowed her to peep past him out into the dance hall. She had never pictured a place like this, and in spite of her agitation was astonished at its gaudy elegance. The gallery was formed of a continuous row of compartments with curtained fronts, in which men and women were talking, drinking, singing. The seats on the lower floor were disappearing, and the canary cover was rolling back, showing the polished hardwood underneath, while out through the wide folding doors that led to the main gambling room she heard a brass hinged man calling the commencement of the dance. Couples glided into motion while she watched.

"Well, speak up. The act's closin'." Evidently he was the directing genius of the performance, for at that moment the chorus broke into full cry, and he had cruised from the charted course in search of adventure and was not minded to go in quest of doorman; rather, he chose to sing a chantey, to the blubious measures of which he invited her to dance with him, so she slipped away till he had feasted past. He was some longshoreman in that particular epoch of his inactivity where life had no burden save the dissipation of wages.

Returning, she pounded on the door, possessed of the sense that the man she sought was here, till at last it was flung open, framing the silhouette of a shirt-sleeved, thick-set youth, who shouted:

"What 'n' ell do you want to butt in for while the show's on? Go round front." She caught a glimpse of disordered scenery, and before he could slam the door in her face thrust a silver dollar into his hand, at the same time wedging herself into the opening. He pocketed the coin and the door clicked to behind her.

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"It must be fun," suggested the friend. "To do it daily with these shafts of wit."

"Not when you're hitched between 'em," responded the press humorist, with a sly smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Last Word.

Over—I don't object to my wife having the last word.

Oppie—I wouldn't if mine would cut out some of those before it.—Smart Set.

Property has its rights as well as its rights.—Drummond.

they froze into motionless attitudes, one poised on the lowest step of the stairs, the other a pace forward. Voorbees appeared at the head of the night and rushed down a few steps only to come abruptly into range and to assume a like rigidity, for the young man's shift had shifted to him.

"I have a warrant for you," the officer cried, his voice loud in the hush.

"Keep it," said Glenster, showing his teeth in a smile in which there was no mirth. He leaped diagonally across the hall, his foot heels clicking in the silence, his eyes shifting rapidly up and down the stairs where the danger lay.

From her station Helen could see the whole tableau, all but the men on the stairs, where her vision was cut off. She saw the dance girls crouched behind their partners or leaning far out from the wall with parted lips, the men eager, yet fearful, the bartender with a half polished glass poised high. Then a quick

105,000 PLURALITY

Republicans Win by a Large Margin In Massachusetts

WHITNEY THEIR NEAREST OPPONENT

Hisgen Came Close to Democratic Nominee, While Bartlett Was a Poor Fourth--Moran Wins Suffolk County Contest For District Attorney--New York Fusionists Beaten by Democrats--Rhode Island Carried by Democrats--Fort Wins in New Jersey--Tom Johnson Victorious in Cleveland--Results in Other Places

Boston, Nov. 7.—Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston was elected governor of Massachusetts for the third time by a plurality of 105,001 over Henry M. Whitney, the regular Democratic nominee, who was also running on nomination papers under the two designations of "Independent Citizens" and "Democratic Citizens' Nomination Paper." The press associations collected the Whitney vote as a "total" only, so it is impossible at present to state what he received under each designation. The total vote of the state was 355,501, as against a gubernatorial vote of 428,278 last year, and one of 410,107 in the presidential year, 1904.



CURTIS GUILD, JR.

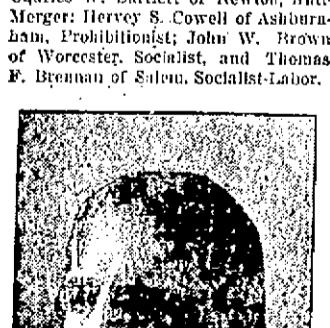
The complexion of the next legislature will remain about the same as last year, 170 Republicans and 50 Democratic members of the house, and 28 Republicans and 12 Democratic members of the senate. The state officers elected were:

Governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston; Lieutenant governor, Eben S. Draper of Uxbridge; secretary of state, William Olin of Boston; treasurer, Arthur D. Chapin of Holyoke; auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden; attorney general, Dana Malone of Greenfield.



EBEN S. DRAPER.

Governor Guild was opposed for re-election by six other candidates: Henry M. Whitney of Brookline, Democratic, and also running on two sets of nomination papers; Thomas L. Hisgen of West Springfield, Independence League; Charles W. Bartlett of Newton, Anti-Merger; Harvey S. Cowell of Ashburnham, Prohibitionist; John W. Brown of Worcester, Socialist, and Thomas F. Brennan of Salem, Socialist-Labor.



JOHN W. BROWN.

There was a close fight between Whitney and Hisgen, but the returns indicate that the former led the latter by about 16,000 votes. Bartlett polled about 13,000 votes, compared with about 8,000 for Whitney and 7,000 for Hisgen.

Next to the state ticket interest in the election centered in the contests for district attorney and sheriff. For the former office Joseph A. Dennis, Dem., and Walter A. Webster, Rep., opposed the re-election of John B. Moran, the candidate of the Independence League and also run-

ning on nomination papers. Here again the Independence League came into prominence, as Moran was re-elected by a plurality of 27,020.

The contest for sheriff in Suffolk county between Fred H. Seavey, Rep., who was seeking re-election, and James Donovan, Dem., was so close that it was not until late that the result was definitely known, Seavey being re-elected by a plurality of 10,835.

The New York Fight

New York, Nov. 8.—Sufficiently complete returns to make certain the ultimate results show that Republican and Independence League fusion in New York county was defeated by a straight Democratic ticket; that the Independence League ticket for associate justices of the court of appeals was overwhelmingly beaten by the identical tickets of the Republicans and Democrats, and that there will be a slight change in the make-up of the state assembly. In this city the Independence League court of appeals ticket was defeated four to one and the league vote up-state was light.

Fort Elected in New Jersey
Trouton, Nov. 7.—Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr., Democratic candidate for governor, concedes the election of John F. Fort, his Republican opponent, and has sent Fort congratulations and best wishes for a successful administration. The latest figures give the state to Fort by about 7,000. Late returns do not change the complexion of the state senate, which gives the Republicans 34 to 7 for the Democrats.

Thinks Katzenbach Was Elected
New York, Nov. 8.—Chairman Hinsdale of the New Jersey state Democratic committee says that he believes that Katzenbach, Dem., has been elected governor of that state by a clear majority. The returns as made public indicate Fort, Rep., to be elected by 7,937 plurality.

Wilson Has About 14,000 Plurality
Louisville, Nov. 7.—Returns indicate that the majority of A. E. Wilson, Rep., for governor over S. W. Hager, Dem., is 14,000. The legislature is still in doubt, but the Democrats will probably have a small majority on joint ballot. This would mean the election of Beckham as United States senator.

The Pennsylvania Election
Philadelphia, Nov. 6.—John O. Sheatz, Rep., was elected state treasurer over John G. Harman, Dem., by 176,000 plurality. This was the only state office voted for and a light vote was polled in nearly every county.

Democrats Carry Maryland
Baltimore, Nov. 6.—Conservative estimates, based on very meagre information, indicate that Crothers, Dem., for governor, will carry the state and city by from 6,000 to 8,000.

In Democratic Virginia
Richmond, Nov. 6.—The election in Virginia was only for candidates to both branches of the legislature. The Democrats will control both houses by the usual majority.

Noel For Governor
Jackson, Miss., Nov. 6.—The Democratic state ticket, headed by E. F. Noel, for governor, was elected. Only a small vote was cast.

Tom Johnson's Victory
Cleveland, Nov. 6.—Mayor Tom L. Johnson was re-elected for the fourth time as mayor of Cleveland in a hard-fought battle in which the Republican party ticket was headed by Congressman Burton, chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors.

Another Victory For Anti-Mormons
Salt Lake City, Nov. 6.—Municipal candidates of the American (anti-Mormon) party, probably will have the largest plurality ever given in this city. Bransford, for mayor, will have from 7,000 to 10,000 plurality over Flommer, Rep., and Morris, Dem., whose strength is evenly divided. The Americans will control the council. They have been in power for the last two years.

Good Government Wins
San Francisco, Nov. 7.—It is apparent that the entire Good Government League ticket is elected, with the exception of county clerk and treasurer, and possibly one of the 18 supervisors. It is estimated that Taylor, for mayor, will have a majority of 22,000 and Gangon, for district attorney, a majority of 14,000.

Bridgeport Rejects Mulvihill
Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 6.—Henry Lee, Rep., was elected mayor in the city election here, defeating former Mayor Denis Mulvihill, Dem., known as the "stoker mayor," by a majority of about 400. All the other candidates on the Democratic ticket were elected. The city also went license.

Child Played With Revolver
Everett, Mass., Nov. 8.—Clifford McCausland, 1 year old, with his brother, Charles, aged 6, and his young sister, gained access to his father's desk and secured a loaded revolver. The revolver was discharged while Clifford was playing with it and the boy was shot in the head, dying in a short time.

Says He Shot in Self Defense

Skowhegan, Me., Nov. 8.—John Williams, proprietor of the Somerset house at Somerset Junction, was brought here and locked up on a charge of manslaughter on account of the killing of Harry Sheasgreen. Williams asserted that he shot Sheasgreen in self-defense.

Malicious Prosecution Alleged

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 8.—The plant of the Lumière North American company in this city was attacked in a suit for \$20,000 for damages for alleged malicious prosecution, brought by Frederick J. Walte, formerly superintendent of the company.

Death Sentence For Murderer

New Haven, Nov. 7.—John Washburn, charged with the death of Peter Lukasewich, was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury in the superior court and was sentenced to be hanged on April 1, 1908. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the murder.

CONFFLICT IS ENDED

Telegraph Strike Ends Just About as It Began

LEFT KEYS IN AUGUST

Trouble Started in July at Los Angeles Over Failure of Company to Reinstate an Operator--Fight Resulted in Self Test of Endurance

New York, Nov. 8.—Without having gained a single one of their demands the union telegraphers of the country have abandoned the strike against the companies. Wednesday the New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Portland, Or., and Denver locals officially voted a suspension of hostilities and there was a rush of men seeking reinstatement. Thus the movement ends just as it began. Action by locals first, approval of it later by the executive committee. The national board may now be expected to formally declare the strike off.

Began in July and born of the failure of the company to reinstate an operator in Los Angeles, the strike has been gradually petering out and its end long regarded as simply a matter of time. When a company refused to put back at work a telegrapher they had discharged in Los Angeles all the men in that city left their keys. For a day or two the trouble was strictly local.

But when non-union operators were employed, outside cities, notably Chicago, began to suffer. Union men refused to work "scab" wires, and one great avenue of communication to the west was closed. But still the country east of the Mississippi remained unaffected as far as the strike itself was concerned.

On Aug. 12, however, the men in New York left their keys. In an incredibly short time similar action was taken in every large city of the country. The strike in every sense became general. And all this time no official order for the men to quit had come from the national union's headquarters.

But on Aug. 16, the executive committee met and formally called out all the commercial operators in the United States and Canada. For a week or more the telegraph service was very badly crippled. Messages were nowhere accepted without the reservation "subject to delay," and in some cases were not accepted at all.

The companies met the situation firmly and refused all offers of arbitration. President Roosevelt persistently refused to intervene, but delegated to Commissioner Neill all powers in this direction. Neill took immediate action and held many conferences with leaders of both parties, but was compelled to admit that settlement was out of the question.

Then the fight resolved itself into a test of endurance. Railroad and leased-wire operators were allowed to remain at their keys and pledged financial aid to the commercial men. But the resources of the strikers began to dwindle. An appeal for money to the Federation of Labor brought little result, and the strikers commenced to show signs of weakening.

The companies by the aid of non-union men restored the service to somewhere near its normal condition and announced day after day that, so far as they were concerned, the strike was over, the "subject to delay" reservation on messages having been withdrawn.

Gradually the strikers began to ask for reinstatement, the men in the smaller cities being the first to get in line. In many places the locals themselves declared the strike off, and finally, in only a few of the large cities, were the strikers able to present a solid front. Chicago, always a stronghold of the Telegraphers' union, at last gave up the fight.

Abandoned to Underwriters

Boston, Nov. 7.—The officials of the Ocean Steamship company have decided to abandon to the underwriters the steamer City of Birmingham, which sank in Boston harbor on Monday after striking a sunken scow. It is understood that the steamer was insured for \$150,000. Agents for the Underwriters' association will make an examination of the craft, with the view of salvaging her if possible.

Schooner Wrecked in Squall

Kennebunkport, Me., Nov. 7.—Caught in a squall while trying to make Cape Porpoise harbor, schooner Jonathan Sawyer of Portsmouth, N. H., bound for Saco with coal, ran ashore on Goat island and will be a total loss. The crew of seven men reached shore safely in their own boat. The Sawyer was playing with it and the boy was shot in the head, dying in a short time.

Receivers For Union Trust

Providence, Nov. 7.—In the superior court Judge Sweetland appointed Rathbone Gardner and J. M. Scott receivers of the Union Trust company of this city, Central Falls and East Greenwich, which closed its doors Oct. 25. A hearing will be given on Dec. 7 on the question of making the receivership permanent.

Latest Report From Karatagh

St. Petersburg, Nov. 8.—A dispatch received here from Samarkand says that a special representative of a local paper who was sent to Karatagh, which was destroyed by a landslide following the earthquake of Oct. 21, reports that 34,000 persons were killed there, and that only 70 escaped.

Colliding Steamer Exonerated

New Haven, Nov. 7.—The report of Inspector Harris on the collision between steamer Puritan and schooner Mildred A. Pope, of Faulkner's Island, exonerates the steamer's officers from all blame. The Pope was dismantled and when towed in here was beached on the mud flats, where the craft remains.

SEARLES PLEAD GUILTY

Sentenced to Imprisonment for Life

For Wife Murder
Farmington, Me., Nov. 8.—Harvey A. Searles, on trial for the murder of his wife, retracted his plea of not guilty, and immediately after was sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor in the Thomaston jail. It was a most dramatic ending to the shortest murder trial which has ever taken place in Franklin county.

The announcement made by his counsel that he wanted to retract his plea of not guilty came as a bombshell. The life sentence was inevitable and was the only penalty under the Maine law.

The plea made by the defense that Searles was insane when the murder was committed was entirely swept away by the testimony of Dr. Sauborn, head of the Augusta state insane asylum, who declared that in his opinion Searles had not been insane.

Say Farming Is Decaying
Worcester, Mass., Nov. 8.—Milk producers in this section state that the data presented to railroad commissioners by the railroads showing the amount of milk brought into Boston from the country and the prohibitive prices for shipment to independent contractors prove conclusively that the dairy and agricultural interests of Massachusetts are in a state of decay. Though the farming lands in this and other country sections are rich, they are unproductive because of existing evils.

Indebtedness of Over \$1,330,000

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 8.—Receivers were appointed for the North Powell Manufacturing company of North Powell in the United States circuit court of the North Adams (Mass.) National bank. The petitioner states that the company is indebted to the North Adams National bank for a promissory note for \$10,000 which is overdue and that the company owes other persons, banks and corporations about \$1,330,000.

Town Partially Flooded

Leominster, Mass., Nov. 8.—For the second time within a month this town was partly flooded by the breaking of a dam. The dam was of wood, 100 feet long and 12 feet high, and held back about 10 acres of water. The foundations of those factories nearest the dam were severely threatened by the sudden outrush of water, but they withstood the pressure.

Alleged Violation of Agreement

Lowell, Mass., Nov. 8.—Two hundred and fifty members of the Brussels Weavers' union, the strongest organized body in the mills of the Bigelow Carpet company in this city, went on strike last night, alleging that the agreement relating to wages for day work has been broken. It is probable that the strike will affect other branches of the big mills.

Jim Crow Cars Dismayed
Boston, Nov. 8.—Several hundred negro citizens of Boston who gathered last night to observe the 70th anniversary of the death of Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, first martyr to the cause of abolition, unanimously passed a resolution condemning the use of Jim Crow cars in interstate travel as unconstitutional.

Fresher Carried Off Island

Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 8.—Elmore's Island, on the Connecticut river, has been obliterated by a freshet, following heavy rains. The island was several acres in extent and was heavily wooded. A flock of sheep, the only living things on the island, were taken away before the water had completely covered it.

Gradually the strikers began to ask for reinstatement, the men in the smaller cities being the first to get in line. In many places the locals themselves declared the strike off, and finally, in only a few of the large cities, were the strikers able to present a solid front. Chicago, always a stronghold of the Telegraphers' union, at last gave up the fight.

With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

More Money Attracts More Money

One cannot push to the front ranks of financial success unless he starts in the right direction. Habit is powerful, and once you begin to save money, you'll find it easier to make regular, substantial deposits. Why not open an account with us now? It will earn

4 Per Cent on Savings Accounts

Industrial Trust Company,

OFFICE WITH

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

303 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

MILLINERY

AT

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street,

Complete Line of all the New Shapes in HATS,

Felt, Velvet and Silk.

OUR TRIMMED HAT DEPARTMENT

Fully Stocked with the Most Exclusive Designs.

A CHOICE SELECTION AT POPULAR PRICES.

Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.

Everything in MILLINERY found here.

Pocahontas

Pittston

Georges Creek

Lehigh

Lykens Valley

Reading

Lorberry

Cannel

COAL

NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

OP

The Roosevelt Primer.

A stands for Abhorrence;
While Theodore reigns,
To look upon galls.

B stands for Bull,
A poem in prose,
The highest of praises
The bluster bestows.

C stands for Crinoline,
When tamer words fail,
A nice little pet name
For railroad men all.

D stands for Dore,
Who captures the bun,
But little it matters
Just what he has done.

E stands for Ease,
A condition to man,
By speeches and edicts
Reserved for but One.

F stands for Fakers,
Most perfidious of words,
To roast the presuming
Who think they know birds.

G stands for Guilt,
The way to die,
On all corporations
Before they are tried.

H stands for Heart,
An organ, we hear,
To whose palpitations
All questions are near.

I stands for no other
Than he who is Great,
Blasphemous Wisdom,
The Head of the State.

J stands for Justice,
It's well he is blind,
For to look in the mirror
Might trouble her mind.

K stands for Kinship,
A term meaning much,
Uniting the speaker
With Irish to Dutch.

L stands for Lies,
A numerous band
Whose size is increasing
All over the land.

M, Molyneux,
With properly shamed
All this bloodied creatures
Who don't play a game.

N stands for Nation,
Peculiarly blessed
In having for Pilot
Incomparable Great.

O stands for Opinion,
However it may run
The oil content can
Of course it supports.

P stands for Politics
Destined to grow,
Bequeathed to posterity
Whether or no.

Q stands for Quixote,
The action to take
On delicate matters
Where much is at stake.

R stands for Rough Riders,
The regiment brave
That fills every office
The Colonel can save.

S stands for Suicide
Threatening the race,
Unless little Father
Can bring it to grace.

T stands for Teeth,
Which are molars of awo,
The dental equipment
Of high sanctioned law.

U, Undesirable,
Answers the score
Of citizens wicked
Not mentioned before.

V stands for Virtue
A corner on which
It held by the tow
And not by the rich.

W, Weaklink,
Applies to the one
Who has not his buttons
With big stick or gun.

X stands for Xtra,
Expectatives or cash,
To bust corporations
And settle their hash.

Y stands for Yesterday
And hence for the ways
That citizens persons
Are anxious to raze.

Z stands for Zeutons,
The spirit to show
In running credit
And laying it low.

—McLanburgh Wilson.

His Class.

The head of a large mercantile house received not long ago a letter from a millionaire banker in the West, asking that the latter's son be placed in some business house where he could learn "things from the bottom up." The writer explained that his offspring was "no good at home."

Soon after, according to Harper's Weekly, the Western millionaire received the following reply from his New York friend:

"Dear Blank—Your hopeful has arrived. I have given him employment in my establishment at \$6 a week, with others of his class. One of these young men has just bought a \$50,000 yacht, and another comes to the office in a \$3000 motor car. No doubt your son will find his surroundings congenial."

Mike and Pat worked for a wealthy farmer. They planned to turn burglars and steal the money which the farmer had hid in one of the rooms of his house. They waited until midnight, then started to do the job.

In order to get the money they had to pass the farmer's bedroom. Mike says: "I'll go first, and if it's all right you can follow and do just the same as I."

Mike started to pass the room. Just as he got opposite the door, the floor cracked. This awoke the farmer, who called out: "Who's there?"

Mike answered with a "meoww" (imitating a cat). The farmer's wife being awake, too, said: "Oh, John, it's the cat," and all was quiet.

Now Pat started to pass the door, and as he got opposite it the floor cracked again. The farmer called out again louder than before: "Who's there?"

Pat answered: "Another cat."

Can any one give me a sure and tested cure for roup in chickens? Add can you tell me where to get the Muscovy ducks and Polish chickens? Walska, Ill. A Subscriber.

It is not easily cured sometimes, and we would not like to promise for a sure cure; dilute carbolic acid, kerosene and turpentine are the most successful remedies. Separate the sick from the well. The subject of roup was fully treated not long ago in our columns; look over back numbers and find the article.—Indiana Farmer.

Mr. Highbrowe—What! You really mean to tell me that you have never read Dante's "Inferno"?

Henry Pecke—Well, you read it—I haven't felt that I required to read it—my wife's mother lives with us!

His First Sweetheart.

Her Death Temporarily Shocked the Strong Mind of Abraham Lincoln.

Visited annually by thousands of tourists is the grave of Ann Rutledge, in Oakland Cemetery, Menard county, Ill. It is marked only by a gigantic boulder carried from a nearby "run" or little stream of water.

Ann Rutledge was the young girl whom Abraham Lincoln loved and whose untimely death is said to have caused even his strong mind to give way temporarily. The quiet resting place is yearly visited by many students of Lincoln history, and as there goes on the number increases, the memories that cluster about the grave of Ann Rutledge will never fade. They recall as tragic a love story as was ever told. This, however, is not the only grave where she was buried. She died in New Salem, August 25, 1855, and her body was laid to rest in the old Concord Cemetery, about six miles northwest of the old Rutledge tavern, which was the home of Ann when Lincoln first met her.

In the spring of 1850 the remains were transferred to Oakland, which is the burying place near Petersburg. No other grave is near it. At the head were placed a rough boulder, bearing the name of "Ann Rutledge" chiseled in the enduring granite. That is all, but it recalls the story of a devoted love that, although interrupted by death, was never wholly forgotten.

It was in 1832 that Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge tavern. The cellar and old-fashioned well, with its quaint, old-fashioned creaking bucket, can still be seen there. Ann, the third daughter, and then 15 years old, was a charming girl. She was of good family, her South Carolina and Kentucky ancestors having been prominent in early colonial affairs. She was well educated for that period and by virtue of her goodness and beauty reigned queen over the hearts of the young men of all the countryside. She became engaged to a young merchant of Salem. He afterward became dissatisfied with the commonplace life of the quiet little town and went back east, from whence he came. Many months elapsed before Ann finally gave him up. In 1836 Lincoln was made postmaster and deputy surveyor, and being in better circumstances than ever before, ventured to pay his addresses to Miss Rutledge. His suit was received with favor and the couple were to have been married the following year. In the meantime Lincoln was to prosecute his law studies and Ann was to go to school.

It is claimed by the old inhabitants of the vicinity that Ann and Abraham loved each other devotedly, but that the girl could not wholly dismiss from her mind thoughts of her old lover who had returned to the east. She imagined that he might return at any time and reproach her with unfaithfulness. She grew melancholy, finally became ill, and, after a brief sickness, died. Old settlers say that Lincoln became wildly distraught over her death, and if he had not been restrained and closely watched he might have resorted to bodily injury. Along the road from Petersburg to New Salem is an old log house, now used as a stable. In Lincoln's time it was the residence of Bowling and Nancy Green. Here, one stormy night, Lincoln mourned and wept. "I cannot bear," he said, "the thought of the rain and the snow falling upon her grave, where my heart lies buried." Lincoln remained at the house until he gradually regained mastery of himself.

In his wonderful career that followed Lincoln is said to have never quite gotten over the death of his first love, and that the shade of melancholy was never absent from his face. In 1840 he wooed Mary Todd, of Springfield, Ill., who was from Kentucky, and the wedding day was set for January 21, 1841. Although the bride and guests were ready on the chosen night, Lincoln was absent. He was overcome with melancholy. Mrs. Todd appreciated his state of mind and refused to give him up. Lincoln told her frankly what caused his grief, and Miss Todd forgave and comforted him. Finally, on November 5, 1842, they were married.

Lincoln always maintained that the spirit of Ann Rutledge was constantly near him and was his inspiration and support in the trying years that followed.

If the horse comes from the field or the road in a heated condition it is not advisable to give him all the water he wants. Give him a handful or so, and then allow him to cool off, by which time his thirst will have partially subsided. On no account water him within an hour or two after feeding. Running water is best suited for stock, and well water should only be used after being exposed some time to the air, and so become oxidized.—Weekly Witness.

Henpeck—Did you hear of the nervous thing Meekley did?

Underharm—Meekley? The ideal What was it?

Henpeck—His wife went to her club the other night and when she came back she found the door locked. Meekley kept her waiting for fully two minutes before he answered the bell and then pretended he had locked the door absent-mindedly.

"Yah, there!" angrily exclaimed Sigmund Storey, who had curled himself up and gone to sleep on the sunny side of an old barrel in the alley. "Wat ye pokit me thataway fur?"

"Excuse me, please," said the rag picker, dropping fish from hook in astonishment. "I did not know dese was a man inside of dem!"—Chicago Tribune.

Gunner—Let me see. What great woman astronomer was it who said: "I think Mars is inhabited, but I may be wrong?"

Guyer—It couldn't have been a woman, old chap.

Gunner—Why not?

Guyer—Because no woman ever said "I may be wrong" in anything.

Social Theory Crank—I tell you, my dear sir, I have found out this question of bread in the average household is a weighty one.

Practical Friend—You talk as if you had been eating some of my wife's biscuits.—Baltimore American.

The third-class passenger service of the English railroads is constantly increasing in popularity at the expense of the other classes.

The professor (lecturing to the hospital students)—Some of you gentlemen are not giving me your closest attention. Mr. Briggs, what do you find under the kidneys?

Future M. D.—Toast, sir.—M. A. P.

—It is not easily cured sometimes, and we would not like to promise for a sure cure; dilute carbolic acid, kerosene and turpentine are the most successful remedies. Separate the sick from the well. The subject of roup was fully treated not long ago in our columns; look over back numbers and find the article.—Indiana Farmer.

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Henry Pecke—Well, you read it—I haven't felt that I required to read it—my wife's mother lives with us!

—A Subscriber.

Castoria—The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Signature of *Castoria*

Pet Hedgehog Cunning.

Some years ago we received a little hedgehog from a friend which soon became a great pet. It was not long before our hobby cat and Tip, the hedgehog, became great friends, eating from the same plate. Posity, being so much quicker than Tip, would always take more than her share of the food.

Tip was patient for a long time, but finally as Posity became bolder and bolder he evidently determined to put a stop to her greediness. The next time we put their dinner on the floor Tip quickly ran to the dish and curled himself down in the middle of it.

Soon Posity came and tried to get at the food, but the prickles or spines of the hedgehog proved too much for her. For a long time she tried to get near the food, but in vain. Then finally seeing it was useless to try any longer Posity slowly turned and walked away.—Chicago Tribune.

A Leading Question.

The younger teachers of the Lincoln School are telling with great glee a good joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to her desk and said, "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the bright youngster replied.

"And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" And the young teachers are laughing still.—Lippincott's.

Correct.

"Pop?"
"Yes, my son."

"A man that massages a balloon is called an aeroman?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And a man who runs an automobile is called a chauffeur?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, what would you call a man who runs a phonograph, pop?"

"Oh—an undesirable citizen, my son!"—Youngers Statesman.

Noncommittal.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Yes," responded the man at the bar.

"What's that?" queried the court sharply.

"You asked whether I was guilty or not guilty and of course I am. Of the two conditions I could not well escape both."

"But which are you?"

"I go to Judge. What's the jury for?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Canvasser—Good morning, madam. I'm introducing polish for cleaning silver. It is superior to anything now on the market and the price is only 50 cents a box.

Mrs. Smart (sharply)—Don't want any.

Canvasser—Sorry to have troubled you, madam. I see the lady next door was right.

Mrs. Smart—Eh! What did she say?

Canvasser—She said I needn't waste my time calling here, as you had no silver.

Mrs. Smart—The impudent thing!

Give me six boxes!—Chicago Daily News.

The New Cook—Plaze, mum, the butcher did tellin' me somethin' this mornin' that ain't right under standin' at all, at all.

The Old Mistress—And what was that?

The New Cook—He towld me he'd give me a commission on all the meat I bought at him. What does that mean?

The Old Mistress—It means that we're going to have a new butcher.—Cleveland Leader.

It's a great thing, Senator, isn't it, that it has been found an easy matter to curb the capacity of the trusts under the existing law?

Prominent Statesman—Why, yes; it's—or—considerably easier than we thought it would be when we passed that law.—Chicago Tribune.

Gussie Kallow—My moustache is beginning to be noticeable at law.

Peppery—Yes, it reminds me of a defeated pugilist I saw at the athletic club's show the other night.

Gussie Kallow—Aw, how—

Peppery—Down and out!—Philadelphia Press.

"Who is your favorite composer?" asked the musician.

"Mother and the girls were speaking to me about that this afternoon. It's somebody whose pieces sound peculiar and whose name it is impossible to pronounce."—Washington Star.

You can't always tell if a man is well bred from the amount of dough in his possession.

It isn't until a man asks a favor that he discovers some of his friends are merely acquaintances.

Perhaps it is possible for a woman to keep a secret, but most of them are terribly out of practice.

It would do the chronic bore a lot of good to take a few days off and get acquainted with himself.

Some fellows are in such a hurry to do things that they hate to lose time finding out how to do them.

The man who takes a cork out of a bottle by pushing it in is apt to do everything else on the same principle.—From the Gentle Cyclo in the New York Times.

Editor's

A Case of Stolen Thunder.

Burton was a lightweight. I learned to my sorrow, this did not prevent women from asking to him. What they saw in him was a mystery. He was neither good looking, nor intellectual, nor rich, yet for some reason he pleased the other sex. To be sure, he had good manners and was innocently pleasant—but then, so many men have good manners and are innocently pleasant that it can hardly be deemed an asset of great value. He was sentimental—ah, that was it! As surely, he understood the art of falling in love, deeply, irresistibly—for the time being. Within limits, it interested little who the woman might be—Burton's affections ranged, as the chemists put it, they were here for the asking, or for glance. It was an imperative need of his nature to be in love. To the unexpected observer there seemed danger of the failure of supply of available spinsters; but Burton's skill in discovering fresh recruits for his regard was equalled only by the exhaustibility of his affection. Nature had endowed him liberally in this respect.

I had had long experience with Burton as a lover, and I had seen him in the role of songster, borsom and escort, according to the demands of the passing courtship; but there remained still one role in which I was to make his acquaintance—that, namely, of poet. Unfortunately for myself, I was gifted with a certain facility in rhyming sufficient to enable me to please myself and occasionally the editor of minor magazine, but inadequate to more serious purposes. Naturally, my friends were aware of my verifying prophecies—what poet's friends are not?—and among these was Burton. I was therefore, not surprised by his initial remark one Sunday morning when he had looked me up at breakfast—"You write verse sometimes, don't you, Fahnestock?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally," I said "when the humor strike me."

"I see—humpf! Well, how does the humor strike you now?"

"Now?" I cried. "Why, man, I couldn't write a verse now to save my soul. Why do you ask me?"

"Well?" he replied, avoiding my eye. "You see, I'm—I'm—

"Well, you're—yo—yo what?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Fahnestock, I've been trying to write a poem myself, but somehow it doesn't go quite right. I'm afraid I've lost the hang of it."

"Oh, I see there's a woman in the case, is there?"

"A queen, Fahnestock, a queen!"

"Humpf! I've heard of queens before. However, let me see the poem."

Nervously he fumbled at his pocket, from which at last he extricated a sheet of carefully folded foolscap paper, which he held out to me.

"I'm afraid—you know—it's a little bit incomplete still," he stammered, blushing, "but it'll give you an idea."

"Yes," I said, "I'll give me an idea."

Thereupon I unfolded the paper and spread it out before me.

"Seeking—humpf! I've seen worse titles. The breeze for the rose is sighing—gold is her hair and her eyes are brown!—That's all right, Burton, and no doubt strictly true, but unfortunately the meter's a trifle variable; and, you know, there's a foolish prejudice against a too frequent change of meter."

"Yes, I know," said my visitor; "that's the reason I came to you."

"Oh, I see—you want me to whip it into shape for you; is that it?"

Eagerly he nodded.

"And you say she's a queen?"

"Fahnestock, she's the one woman in the whole world; she is without a peer; there has never been anybody like her and there never will be, she's—"

"Whoa!" I cried, "go lightly! Remember Geneva."

"Fahnestock!" he cried reproachfully, "I thought you incapable of such a thing!"

"Well, so I am in general, but acute attacks require heroic measures. But to come back to the poem; what is it, exactly, that you want me to do?"

"I want you to take it, old man, and get the meter right and the rhymes and the rest of it—just touch it up a little—and then—"

"And then you'll send it to her as your own—eh?"

He nodded.

"Burton," I said, sternly, "this is forgery, swindling, obtaining affection under false pretenses. I ought not toabet you in such nefarious undertakings—but give it here; I suppose I've got to do it for you."

"Oh, Fahnestock," he began, "I shall never forget this! You are my friend forever!"

"Give me the poem," I said, dryly "and go into the other room while I try to whip it into some sort of shape."

In this I succeeded better than might have been expected. Indeed, "Seeking" turned out in the end to be a far better poem than many that I have had printed; it was instructive with a lesson. This may seem strange, but the explanation is simple enough—while writing I called up before my mind the face of her to whom I fail would have had the right to indite such words, the face of Madeline Carter, whose very name had power to thrill me, and without whose smile life held but faint charm. And, lo! when I thought of her the words flowed from my pen as though I, too, had been born in Arcady.

Was it to be wondered at, then, that Burton was delighted with my effort, and departed with protestations of external gratitude? I smiled as I saw him hastening down the street, impatient to reach home and copy the verses, and send them off to his lady-love as the product of his own brain! Madeline Carter—Francis Burton! Could there be more incongruous pairing? Burton, light, flippant, inconstant; and Madeline, calm, true, and unchanging. It seemed almost a desecration to her to associate them together even in one's mind. I could picture to myself the style of girl who had captured Burton's heart, and smil'd in thought of the superiority of my choice.

My own love affair quickly came to a climax, and, alas! to an unsatisfactory climax. Madeline had come on to New York for a visit, and I lost no time in pressing my suit. For a while she seemed to hesitate, then one happy evening she gave me her answer, and my house of cards lay to ruins at my feet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fahnestock, very sorry," she said, in that gentle manner in which good women inflict unavoidable pain, "but what you ask is impossible—I have already given my heart!"

"Oh!" I cried, "then, of course, there is nothing more to say," and I arose and moved to the window.

"Don't you care to know to whom I am engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, if you care to tell me."

"To a Mr. Burton of Virginia."

"What?" I cried. "What Burton, not Francis?"

"Why, yes! Do you know him?" "Do I know him?" I groaned; "do I know him? Lord, this is awful! You wouldn't know that man?"

"Mr. Fahnestock!" she cried, and every drop of blood left her face, "you forget yourself! Do you realize what you are saying?"

For a moment we stood looking fixedly into each other's eyes. Then my head, and then as he was a nice chubby boy, he looked very prettily. His two sisters were all ready to put on their hats and coats for a walk, and they wanted lots of it, and I let them have it, in spite of the warning by my well-meaning friends, that it would "make them dreadfully savage." They grew very fast, and as they became more powerful, their fight for possession of the greatest share of the food became more and more serious.

A little later, the bolder ones would not confine their fighting to meal times, but would secretly tolerate the presence of the weaker ones at any time, and fought them savagely whenever they came near. So, recognizing nature's law of the survival of the fittest, I had the two which were leading a miserable existence humanely disposed of, and kept the two which were at wolf. One, because of his dark color and peculiarly sinister aspect, we named Death, and the other, the larger of the two, we named Dauntless, because he had always been the boldest of the lot. These two were great friends, and never fought over anything, though at meal times they often growled a mutual warning to respect one another's rights.

They romped and played a great deal, were perfectly happy when together, but seemed greatly distressed whenever they were separated. They were entirely friendly with me, and allowed me to handle them with some freedom, except when they were feeding, and because they were now able to do serious injury I seldom attempted to carry them at meal times.

Sometimes I took the two young wolves for walk with me in the forest, and it was most interesting to see them working together through the woods and across clearing, splashing along the trout brooks in a cloud of spray.

They were creatures of seemingly tireless energy, galloping along for hours at a stretch, their long tongues lolling from their mouths. Now and then they would start a rabbit from beneath the low-growing spruce bushes where she had been sitting, and often they would send a red squirrel scurrying up a tree in a panic of fright, and then watch him apparently in amazement, as he sat on a branch above their heads, uttering remarks, which, had they been translated into English, would scarcely have been fit to print. Sometimes they would scratch for mice under fallen logs, or in the long grass, and rather rarely their efforts were rewarded by finding a nest of the little rodents, which were quickly dispatched. Once or twice they destroyed birds' nests which had been built on the ground, and once they caught a full-grown wounded robin. Their eyes were wonderfully quick to notice any movement of bird or beast in the landscape about them, and if it were but a butterfly, their jaws were quick to snap at it.

If there was anything the young wolves enjoyed better than a walk with me, it was to be allowed to pay a visit to Romulus, the coyote, whose liberty had been curtailed since his last big offence against the property of my nearest neighbors. He is now on a long chain, the last link of which runs upon a wire stretched across the orchard, giving him a range of a hundred feet or more. Here I would sometimes take the two young timber-wolves, and it would be hard to say whether the host or his visitors were most delighted. They would all wag their tails and whine affectionately, the prairie-wolf racing from end to end of his long wire, with Death and Dauntless in hot pursuit. Then Romulus would stand quite still, shut his eyes, and allow the timber-wolves to lick his face and chew his ears. And sometimes I would take part at the game myself, by tossing sticks and apples for the wolves to race after. But after a frolic of this kind, the youngsters were always wilder than ever, and in order to catch them it was often necessary to use both patience and strategy.

"There, see if you don't think that beautiful."

With a premonition of the truth, I cast my eyes on the paper. "Seeking"—it was my poem which had come back to me after many days! Slowly I read the familiar lines, and then returned the paper to her.

"Yes," I said; "it is charming. Only a man who loved you very deeply could have written that."

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would appreciate it."—William Wallace Waldecock, in the Reader.

"Oh, is that so?" I replied, wondering whence she had derived this food conceit.

"Yes, he can write most beautifully, if he only has a mind to, especially poetry. One thing he wrote me before our engagement is exquisite. Wait a moment and I'll show it to you."

Without waiting for my reply she ran across the room to her desk and took out a paper from one of the pigeon-holes. This she unfolded and handed to me.

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"Fahnestock, she's the one woman in the whole world; she is without a peer; there has never been anybody like her and there never will be, she's—"

"Whoa!" I cried, "go lightly! Remember Geneva."

"Fahnestock!" he cried reproachfully, "I thought you incapable of such a thing!"

"Well, so I am in general, but acute attacks require heroic measures. But to come back to the poem; what is it, exactly, that you want me to do?"

"I want you to take it, old man, and get the meter right and the rhymes and the rest of it—just touch it up a little—and then—"

"And then you'll send it to her as your own—eh?"

He nodded.

"Burton," I said, sternly, "this is forgery, swindling, obtaining affection under false pretenses. I ought not toabet you in such nefarious undertakings—but give it here; I suppose I've got to do it for you."

"Oh, Fahnestock," he began, "I shall never forget this! You are my friend forever!"

"Give me the poem," I said, dryly "and go into the other room while I try to whip it into some sort of shape."

In this I succeeded better than might have been expected. Indeed, "Seeking" turned out in the end to be a far better poem than many that I have had printed; it was instructive with a lesson. This may seem strange, but the explanation is simple enough—while writing I called up before my mind the face of her to whom I fail would have had the right to indite such words, the face of Madeline Carter, whose very name had power to thrill me, and without whose smile life held but faint charm. And, lo! when I thought of her the words flowed from my pen as though I, too, had been born in Arcady.

Was it to be wondered at, then, that Burton was delighted with my effort, and departed with protestations of external gratitude? I smiled as I saw him hastening down the street, impatient to reach home and copy the verses, and send them off to his lady-love as the product of his own brain! Madeline Carter—Francis Burton! Could there be more incongruous pairing? Burton, light, flippant, inconstant; and Madeline, calm, true, and unchanging. It seemed almost a desecration to her to associate them together even in one's mind. I could picture to myself the style of girl who had captured Burton's heart, and smil'd in thought of the superiority of my choice.

My own love affair quickly came to a climax, and, alas! to an unsatisfactory climax. Madeline had come on to New York for a visit, and I lost no time in pressing my suit. For a while she seemed to hesitate, then one happy evening she gave me her answer, and my house of cards lay to ruins at my feet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fahnestock, very sorry," she said, in that gentle manner in which good women inflict unavoidable pain, "but what you ask is impossible—I have already given my heart!"

"Oh!" I cried, "then, of course, there is nothing more to say," and I arose and moved to the window.

"Don't you care to know to whom I am engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, if you care to tell me."

"To a Mr. Burton of Virginia."

"What?" I cried. "What Burton, not Francis?"

"Burton," I said, sternly, "this is forgery, swindling, obtaining affection under false pretenses. I ought not toabet you in such nefarious undertakings—but give it here; I suppose I've got to do it for you."

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. Please always give the date of the paper. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

NOTES.

HAVENS:

Thomas Havens, a native of Wickford, R. I., was a Revolutionary soldier and engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill. He served from beginning to end of the war but "was a militiaman, minuteman and volunteer at call, not belonging to the regular army and therefore received no pension."

He married, 1770, Mary Smith of Wickford, and after the war moved to Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y., thence to Yates Co. in 1810. Had nine children.

1. Joseph born Ballston, (2) 1773, married, 1800, Mary Weed of Ballston, born Oct. 17, 1780 (on the day of Cornwallis' surrender). Six years after marriage they moved to Benton, Yates Co., where he purchased a farm. He died in 1856, and his wife survived him. He was by trade a carpenter, and assisted in building the first hotel and spring house at Ballston. From 1822 to 1832 he kept a noted tavern, but "becoming disgusted with whiskey traffic he left the business and served in various town offices." He was an ardent politician and an admirer of Gen. Jackson to whom he presented after his election to the Presidency in 1828, a bulky made entirely of hickory Baplings, with the bark on, which unique vehicle attracted much attention as he rode in it to Washington to witness the inauguration, and it is said "it was received by the hero as a hand-some compliment."

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6518. CLARK—Elizabeth (Betsey) Clark, b. 1735, d. July 1906, m. Oct. 23, 1768, Daniel Gardner, b. Oct. 9, 1738, in Colchester Co., Conn., moved to Norwich, Conn., died May 12, 1805. Wanted, anything of Elizabeth or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6514. HORTON—Eunice Horton, b. 1705, m. Nov. 7, 1724, Nathaniel Buel Porter, b. Apr. 29, 1724, d. Nov. 4, 1759. Porter Gene. gives this. Wanted, anything of Eunice, or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6515. ELDREDGE—Lyman Eldridge, b. West Springfield, Mass., June 18, 1792, d. Lawrence, Kan., 1853, m. Oct. 10, 1818 Phebe Whitchell; he was son of Amos & Mercy Eldridge. Wanted, anything of Amos & Mercy.—N. R. F.

6518. HURLBURT or HURLBURR—Mindwell Hurlbut, b. Turkey Hills, Conn., Dec. 23, 1759, d. West Springfield, Mass. Jan. 17, 1830, m. June 21, 1787, Elisia Winchell, of Turkey Hills. Wanted, anything of Mindwell or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6517. SQUIRES or SQUIRE—Madad, Squire b. Bernardstown, Mass. Oct. 17, 1774, d. Feb. 29 (7) 1819. Wanted, anything of him, his wife, or ancestors.—N. R. F.

6518. WRIGHT—Joseph Wright, a cooper of Ware, Mass., b. Sept. 21, 1721, d. Bloody Brook 1769, m. 1749, Jane Cook. Wanted, anything of Joseph or his ancestors.—N. R. F.

6519. LAWRENCE—Wanted, the parents of Mary who m. Joseph Lawrence, of Elizabeth (Smith) (Lawrence) (Cartier) (Towley).—N. R. F.

6520. HUNT—Wanted, the parents of Josiah Hunt, b. Mar. 1679, m. Dec. 29, 1695, Abigail Hensel. He was of Westchester, N. Y., Abigail was dau. of Robert Hunt and Hensel, & Elizabeth Buxton m. at Stamford, Conn., Jan. 9, 1655. Who were Elizabeth Buxton's parents?—N. R. F.

6521. PERRY—Wanted, parents of Susannah Perry of Scarborough, Me., who m. Samuel Scott, Dec. 29, 1743. Her mother is said to have been a Giles of Casco Bay. I should be very glad to know something of these people.—N. R. F.

6522. BRIGGS—Edward Briggs b. 1665, d. 1718, of Tiverton R. I., m. Sarah. Who were her parents?—N. R. F.

6523. BURLING—Wanted name of wife of Edward Burling, who settled in Long Island in 1685, d. there 1697. (In fly leaf miss-bound-in Gene. of Gloucester family at N. Y. Gene. Room, her name is given as Grace Townley) N. R. F.

6524. FOLGER—Wanted parents of Sarah Folger of Boston who m. Richard Smith, founder of Smithtown, L. I.—N. R. F.

6525. BROWN or BRUYN—Wanted parents of Abraham, Evert & Hendrick Brown or Bruyn of Fordham, N. Y., Hendrick's will filed 1767.—N. R. F.

6526. MUSE—Wanted parents of Thos. & John Muse of Westmoreland Co., Va., Thos. m. Elizabeth (7), Will dated 1729. Had Christopher, Daniel, James Nicholas, John, Thos., Anne & Mary.—N. R. F.

6527. INGRAHAM—HOLMES—Can J. D. C. tell me whose daughter Abigail (Ingraham) Cheever was? Would also like to know where Fier (Sturgis) Holmes is buried. An answer to either of these questions would be a great favor.—J. C. L.

Gertrude Maude Stevens.

Gertrude Maude Stevens, daughter of the late Major-General Israel Stevens, whose sudden death occurred on the 14th October, 1907, at her home in Dorchester, was one of those noble and lovely characters who bless all with whom they come in contact, and leave behind them memory fragrant with kindness, gentleness, and good deeds. She was born in Bucksport, Me., April 28, 1850, her father, an engineer officer of the army, being stationed there, building Fort Knox at the narrows of the Penobscot. In 1854, when he took his family via the Isthmus of Panama to the newly organized territory of Washington, of which he was the first governor, she contracted so severe an attack of the deadly Panama fever that her life was despaired of by the physicians in San Francisco, but was saved by the ministrations and care of her father, who took hold after the doctors had given up all hope. At Olympia on Puget Sound she at length recovered from this attack, and became a well, strong, and active child. After her father's death in 1862 she passed her girlhood in Roxbury, Mass., with her mother and family, attended school, took music lessons and other studies considered requisite for a young lady's education. She had a bright, active mind, and pursued her studies with even too great zest, at one time becoming quite run down in consequence.

In 1867 she again went to the Pacific Coast with her mother and family, her brother, General Hazard Stevens, having gone there after the Civil War, and resided in Portland, Ore., and Olympia, Wash., until 1874. She was an unusually attractive young girl and woman, beautiful in form and feature, with long, silken, light hair, a sunny and buoyant disposition, full of life and energy, delighting in horseback riding, boating, and walking, yet ever kind, gentle, and thoughtful of others. In 1874 she returned with her family to Boston, where she has since resided in the Dorchester District since 1880. For seven years, from 1878 to 1880, she suffered from nervous prostration, but bore her trials with unfailing patience and cheerfulness; and although she recovered her health in a measure, she was subjected to several severe illnesses afterwards. These aches and pains undermined her naturally fine constitution, and were undoubtedly the cause of the apoplectic stroke which terminated her life so suddenly.

She never spoke an unkind word of any one, had an instinctive aversion to gossip or criticism of others of a censorious nature. She was full of sympathy and human kindness for the afflicted and distressed. She had great benevolence. She took great interest in religious work, and always taught in the Sunday-schools until the last few years of her life. She was a Unitarian, but her sympathies were not restricted by creed or church. She had a fine intellectual mind, was a great reader, and had studied French and German much. She had also studied music much in her earlier years, and was a fine performer upon the piano. Despite her wearing trials of illness she was always cheerful. Her watchful and assiduous care of and attention to her aged mother was the chief object of her later years. She was fond of flowers and animals, and all the works of nature which ever appeared beautiful to her eyes. Every year she took great interest and pleasure in planting seeds and bulbs and having a profusion of plants and flowers. She was buried next her father in the beautiful Island Cemetery in Newport, R. I.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The County Election.

Throughout Newport County Republicans were everywhere elected to office on Tuesday, in Middletown and in Tiverton there were contests but as all the candidates were Republicans anyway the standing of the county would not be seriously affected whichever way the election went.

In the town of Middletown there was a very hot contest between the regular Republican nominees and the Good Government Club, in which the latter won. For Senator, Abram A. Brown, received 146 votes to 123 for Charles H. Ward, and for Representative, Frank T. Peckham received 144 to 124 for Lionel H. Peabody. The vote for Governor was about the same as last year, 102 for Jackson to 54 for Higgins.

The under-signed hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
BY GEORGE H. PARKER,
Treasurer,
Mortgages,
Newport, R. I., Nov. 8, 1907—1144 W.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 7th, 1907.

Estate of Dennis W. Sheehan.

JULIA A. SHIEHAN, Administratrix of

such New England estate by her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that deceased was possessed of a certain parcel of land with buildings and other improvements thereon, situated in the City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on Kinsley's wharf, 20 feet and 7 inches; Southerly, on land now or formerly of John Sayer, 99 feet and 4 inches; Eastwardly, by land of Michael Sayer, 46 feet, and Westerly, by land of Michael Sayer, 46 feet, all acrements more or less, and containing 1817 square feet of land, upon which premises there is a mortgage given by said Dennis W. Sheehan and which is now held by the Island Savings Bank, and is recorded in Volume 15 of the Probate Court's evidences at page 692. And further representation is made by a sum of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured, as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

The under-signed hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

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